

ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS.

What the Beautiful Girl Herself Says.

Surprising Story of the Daughter of a Noted Professor.

How She Excited the Curiosity of All Her Friends.

One of the best known and most interesting men in Brooklyn, N. Y., is Professor J. M. Elwood, residing at 43 Cornelia street. He is a noted scholar and professor. His charming daughter is a young lady of most estimable character and has hosts of friends everywhere.

She became fearfully nervous and run down, and this was followed by a most severe attack of St. Vitus' dance. She grew worse and physicians could not cure her. She finally got well, however, by a method which astonished all her friends.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure," said the professor, "to state that my daughter, who was a sufferer from nervousness and St. Vitus' dance, and who was treated for some by prominent physicians in Brooklyn without result, was completely cured by using two bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy."



MISS ELWOOD.

Such strong evidence as this must convince everybody of the gentle worth of this great medicine. Mr. Elwood's word is as good as gold. When he makes a statement people know they can depend upon it. Just such reliable statements about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy are constantly appearing, and the people everywhere have the utmost confidence in this wonderful medicine.

They take it, and perfect health results. The popular Miss Elwood thinks it is indeed a wonderful remedy when it will cure what all the skill of other physicians cannot benefit. Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies, when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City. If you take this medicine you can consider yourself under Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult him or write to him about your case, freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that this remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

The Triumph of Japan.

In the fortunes of the present war the world beholds—if it will look deeper than to what satisfies shallow critics—the immense significance of leading national ideas. We have suddenly found ourselves gazing upon a prodigious collision between powers founded on Confucianism and Buddhism respectively—since behind the disgraceful defeat of the troops and ships of Peking are the unspirituality, narrowness, and selfishness of the old agnostic's philosophy, while behind the success of Japan are the glad and lofty tenets of a modified Buddhist metaphysics, which has mingled with Shintoism to breed reverence for the past, to inculcate and to produce patriotism, loyalty, fearlessness of death, with happiness in life, and above all self respect. It is this last quality which is the central characteristic of the Japanese men and women, and round about which grow up what the gallant race called "vanity," and many other follies and faults. Self-respect, which Buddhism teaches to every one, and which Confucius never taught, makes the Japanese as a nation keep their personal honor—except perhaps in business affairs—as clean as they keep their bodies; and has helped to give them the placid and dignified, full of grace, of charm, and of refinement, which contrasts so strongly with the dirty, ill-regulated, average Chinese, the existence of which is a constant reminder of the average Chinese. Self-respect—given them their brilliant victories of this year; that temper of high manhood which Confucianism has taken away, by its cold and changeless discipline, from the otherwise capable, clever, and indefatigable Chinamen.

In a word, the picture passing before our eyes of unbroken success on one side and helpless feebleness and failure on the other—which was numerically the stronger—is a lesson for the west as well as the beginning of a new era in the east. It teaches, trumpet-tongued, how nations depend upon the inner national life, as the individual does upon his personal vitality—Sir Edwin Arnold in the Chautauquan.

Philadelphia Lover—You are sweet enough to eat. Boston Sweetheart—There is nothing remarkably sweet about my being able to eat. Possibly you wish to convey the impression that I am sufficiently saccharine to be eaten.—Philadelphia Record.

The Stoddard Lectures. Of all the artists who come to entertain this community none can claim a more solid popularity than John L. Stoddard, and his course of this year contains brilliant attractions never before surpassed. The subject for description and illustration for next Tuesday evening will be Paris, a city dear to the tourist, where Mr. Stoddard spent some weeks of the past summer in making fresh observations and procuring new photographs. The second lecture will be upon Switzerland. In the third Mr. Stoddard's audience will hear of Rome, as only he can reveal its glories. The fourth lecture will give opportunity for his ever-memorable experiences in Norway, the land of the Vikings and of the midnight sun. And in the final lecture Mr. Stoddard will present by earnest request his famous picture of the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau as observed there by him at its last rendition. A large advance sale has already made sure a series of the audiences. Those who have not yet secured course tickets will need to make immediate application.

Morals and Pierre Loti. Pierre Loti has recently been described by a very eminent critic, Mr. Henry James, as one of those writers who, possessing an exquisite faculty for the perception of the visible, are condemned to pay for that rare privilege by a certain absence of perception for the moral. Audacious as it seems to question the judgment of one who himself possesses so fine an insight into the obscure things of the human spirit, one cannot help saying that on this point the American writer displays an almost too great austerity of judgment, a shade, perhaps, too much of the temperament of New England. Moral Pierre Loti certainly is not, in the Puritan, or even in the Catholic, acceptance of the term, but there is hardly a reason for talking of him as though he were another Theophile Gautier, an artist solely preoccupied with the colored surfaces of things.

Delightful as are his descriptions of the look of things, Pierre Loti's simplicity is certainly a great deal subtler than that; he appeals very keenly to a certain kind of spiritual interest—to the interest one might venture to call human as distinguished from the moral. And it is just where the human needs to be distinguished from one does not necessarily mean opposed to—the moral that criticism has need of its most delicate fact; it is also unhappily the point where critics mostly think it right to run headlong, and of all the qualities of the stern goddess seem not disposed to imitate her kindness. Of course, the impression Pierre Loti leaves on one is singularly apart from the moral conception of the good and evil for a *fin de siècle* writer he has curiously little to do with either cynicism or sociology.—The Westminster Review.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

The Heartiness of It is Apt to Surprise an American Guest. (London Letter to the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.) There has been some dispute as to whether the English are as warmhearted as the Americans. I am an American, and I think Americans can't be beaten in that line, but I have seen some little freaks of hospitality over here that eclipse anything in the way of hospitality I ever saw. A man I had never met called at my lodgings. I was out, but he left a note saying he was very anxious to meet me to talk over a matter of business in which we were both interested, and that he was obliged to leave for Egypt the next morning. I did not want for him to call again, but went to his house that afternoon. His butler met me at the door in a white shirt front and evening dress and informed me that the head of the house was out. He was so profuse with his regrets that I half fancied he must be the brother of my caller, but I dismissed the thought. A man's brother never puts off his h's or puts on an evening suit before 6 o'clock. I stemmed the tide of his cockney dialect and asked him when Mr. Wallthrop would be in. "He's invited some friends to dine with 'im hat 7, sir," he replied, "and 'e'll be in hat half evening." This he begged me to come in and have a cup of tea. I did not fancy taking tea with a butler. I was afraid the master might come in suddenly and think I had sneaked in the back way, so I returned. "Perhaps I might see him just a moment during the evening," I said. "Tell him I shall call about 9:30 o'clock."

"E would be glad to 'ave you come to dinner, sir, 'e would," said the lackey. "It is an awful humiliating thing to blush before a man who opens cab doors and has bowed the legs of himself and his future generations by drawing corks, but I did. The truth was I was not equal to the occasion—the compliment was the greatest I had ever received. My pessimistic friend, Haddon, says the man thought I had called to pay a debt, and thought from my face that the account was shabby. "No," I ventured to say to the butler, after a pause, "simply tell him I'll call for a minute at 9:30 o'clock."

A sad, defeated look crossed his face. Then he said appealingly: "Mr. Wallthrop would be glad to 'ave you come, sir; 'e would, indeed." "No, I'll be around at 9:30 o'clock," I repeated. "I hope I shall not interfere with his engagement. I would wait 'til some other day, but he wants to see me before going away." "Then you will come to dinner," he said, as I looked down the street for a cab. I said no again as firmly as I could with his great despairing eyes on me. He reluctantly opened the cab door for me and sighed as he closed it. His silence was an eloquent tribute to English hospitality.

But while the English are hospitable themselves they go about with their noses in the air smelling for hospitality in other people, and when they accept an invitation they do so with an ideal conception of hospitality before them. For years after a dinner

they will carefully recount the names of those who were present; tell the exact order in which they went down to the table; itemize what was eaten and drunk, and name their children after their host. I have never known of an Englishman having a previous engagement or declining an invitation. If you invite him anywhere he catches his breath, pinches himself to see if he is dreaming, trembles with excitement and then accepts with elaborate thanks and dozens of awe-inspired questions about your plans.

THE AMERICAN CRANBERRY.

Its Fight for Recognition, and Its Final Acceptance in England. (From the Philadelphia Times.) What would Thanksgiving be without the cranberry? They have not the festival in Europe and they do not know the fruit. How sad! Yet there is hope for the benighted foreigners, thanks to efforts now being made to introduce this luscious product to the soil abroad. It is already making a reputation for itself both in Great Britain and on the Continent, following in the footsteps of American corn.

Last year's was the biggest crop ever gathered in the United States—over 1,000,000 bushels—and the principal growers contributed by agreement 3 per cent. of their product to pay the expenses of introducing cranberries in England. A. J. Rider, of Trenton, N. J., was sent across the water for the purpose. On reaching Liverpool he found in that city only one dealer in cranberries, a small girl in the market, who said she never ate her wares herself "because they tasted like medicine." She only sold them to a few Americans. It was quickly made evident that in England only Americans ate cranberries, which to the natives was a delicacy unknown. About 1,000 bushels of them were imported from the United States annually. Nothing daunted, the American propagandist went to the leading hotels and restaurants and taught the proprietors how to cook the cranberries which he furnished. They were at first incredulous, then delighted, and finally eager to offer the new food to their customers.

Cards appeared at the restaurants reading, "American Cranberries Served To-day." At one popular eating house cranberries occurred in five places on the bill of fare. The small girl already mentioned sold out her stock of the fruit faster than she could renew it, and within a few days eight other hawkers on the same aisle in the market were dealing in cranberries. It was a positive craze.

At Manchester, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow and Edinburgh the cranberries were introduced in a similar fashion and like results followed. Cranberries were placed on sale by the largest fruiterers. However, the demand created by the means described had one unwelcome result. Large consignments of cranberries from Russia were thrown on the market, causing prices to drop. This was wholly unexpected, and for a time it looked as though such rivalry would kill the American cranberries. To cap the climax, Russian berries were sold by unscrupulous dealers at a lower price under the name of "American cranberries."

The Yankee agent made an investigation and discovered that the Russian berries were of an inferior variety, known in the United States as "hog cranberries" and not considered fit for food, having a very bitter and pungent taste. No time was lost in making public the cheat through the newspapers and by threats of prosecution the dealers were forced to remove the misleading sign. Within a few days the signs reappeared with genuine American cranberries under them, and sales rapidly increased, while the fraudulent article could scarcely be sold at any price.

Cases of cranberries, accompanied by receipts, were graciously accepted by her majesty the queen and the prince of Wales. An important part of the propagandist's work was to teach people how to cook the fruit. With the cranberry the situation is the same as with corn in Europe—ignorance of proper methods of cookery stand in the way of its introduction. Even on the steamship going over the agent found at the cook was using metal utensils in the preparation of the berries. Only porcelain or enameled ware ought to be used, because cranberries contain sulphuric and other acids, which act on copper, iron and tin so as to spoil the flavor of the fruit.

On each of the paper bags supplied by the agents to retailers were printed instructions for cooking. Every person who bought a pound of fruit had receipts for preparing it in a variety of ways. The cranberry literature distributed in England has been translated into the Danish language, which answers for Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and it will be rendered into French and German. Dealers in Berlin and Paris have expressed a willingness to take limited quantities of the berries at regular intervals. Colonel C. J. Murphy, who has done so much for American corn abroad, is interesting himself in the introduction of cranberries on the Continent.

Mr. Rider's most interesting and satisfactory experience was with the English jam makers. The magnitude of the jam business in that country is astonishing. One factory near Liverpool covers several acres of ground and has a capacity of 150 tons per day. This is only one of a score of establishments of equal capacity, while there are hundreds of less size. The British are a jam-loving and a jam-eating people. They may not know how to cook cranberries, but they can beat the Americans hollow at making jam. Well, the jam manufacturers would not have anything to say to the Yankee agent. They had no time to grant interviews requested, inasmuch as they felt not the slightest interest in cranberries. Nevertheless, eight of the most prominent changed their minds and are now experimenting with cranberries with a view to the production of jam for the market. They have already learned how to make cranberry jam that is far better than any American brand, and it is not unlikely to find a sale on this side of the ocean before long.

A Painted Lady. Among our ladies the custom of "painting" themselves is not uncommon, but it is not practiced by most sensible women; in Japan it forms part of the ordinary woman's daily toilet. This is the way in which it is done: A thick layer of white chalk is first smeared with a soft brush over the face, neck, shoulders, arms and hands; then the pretty mouse, dipping her first finger in red paint, gently rubs this on her cheeks, her temples, and over the upper eyelids. The middle finger is the "black brush," and advertisement to the expression by a blackening under the eyes; and sometimes, when the eyebrows are not shaved, it is also used to accentuate them. A piece of burned cork is often used as a substitute for black paint. The fourth finger has no occupation that I know of, but the little one gives the finishing touches, brightening up the mouth with carmine and adding a bit of gold on the lower lip.

Most well-to-do women undergo this process daily. The Guechas, or singers and dancers, paint themselves to a much greater extent than the general body of women, and also use much brighter colors. The Guecha in Japan is a curious institution. Her moral qualities, as a rule, do not bear very close examination, but she is usually not immoral enough to be called "fast," though to "fast" to be classed as "moral." Their music and posturing have a great charm for the Japanese, and large sums of money are spent in keeping up these feminine musicians and their establishments. A Guecha is a singer or dancer (poet) or both. A dinner party or a festivity of any kind is seldom given in Japan without one or more of them attending the entertainment. Some sing with self-accompaniment of the shamisen, others display their wonderful powers of mimicking and posturing, in which I must confess grace is never lacking.—The Fortnightly Review.

Postponed.

"Gentlemen," said a college president at a meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institutions into disrepute." Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the president demanded the cause of it. "News has just been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best."

"Good!" shouted the president, flushing with pleasure. "Er—I think—er, young gentlemen, we had better not be too—er—hasty in this matter."—Harlem Life. The King's Double-Corona. In olden days the king's procession was generally witnessed from the streets. It was headed by several hundred soldiers marching without a semblance of order, and followed by cuirassiers mounted on microscopic ponies. Then followed two rows of men in white, wearing the student's cap, which was their distinctive badge when going to their examinations, and between them, perched on high white saddles, rode the generals and high ministers supported by their numerous servants. Narrow white banners were carried by their attendants, and a dragon flag of large dimensions towered among them. Amid a quite sepulchral silence the procession moved on, and then came a huge white palanquin propped on two long, heavy beams and carried by hundreds of men.

When the court was not in mourning, the horses of generals, high officials, and eunuchs bore beautiful saddles embroidered in red and blue; the ponies, led by hand, immediately in front of the king's palanquin were singly decked out. Curiously enough, when the first royal palanquin had gone past, the procession repeated itself almost in its minutest details, and another palanquin of the exact shape of the first, and also supported by hundreds of attendants, advanced in front of us. The writer inquired of a neighbor, "In which palanquin is the king?" "No one knows, except his intimate friends at an attempt upon his life he may thus be fortunate enough to escape." The attempt would not be an easy matter, except with a gun or a bomb, for the king's sedan is raised so high above the ground that it would be impossible for any one to reach it with his hands, and it is, besides surrounded by a numerous escort. The sedans were constructed in the style of a square garden tent with a pavilion roof, the front side being open. The king—somebody closely resembling him is selected for his double—sits on a sort of throne erected inside.—The Saturday Review.

Financial.

The Opening of the Market Was Featureless But Soon the List Moved Up. New York, Jan. 4.—Trading at the stock exchange was less active than yesterday. The opening of the market was featureless, but soon afterwards the entire list moved up 1/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. Lake Shore, Bay State, United States Rubber leading the upward movement. The advance was soon checked, however, by the engagement of \$2,350,000 gold for export to Europe to-morrow. Reports that thirty millions gold would have to be forwarded before spring in order to fill European requirements added to the bullish feeling and especially as the relations between the treasury department and the New York bankers who furnished the government with the last hundred million gold are strained. The new

lives for which the syndicate recently paid 117,077 to-day brought 116 1/2. The decline in prices ranged from 1/2 to 2 1/2 per cent. Jersey Central fell 3/4 to 8 1/4 on the reiteration of the rumors that the dividends will be reduced. Chicago Gas sold down 1 1/2 to 7 1/4 on the postponement of action on the dividend and rumors of internal difficulties. Sugar was sold down to 87 1/2 on Washington advices that the ways and means committee will at once take up the bill abolishing the 1-1-10 differential duty. Louisville and Nashville, Missouri Pacific, Lead and a few other prominent issues declined 1/2 to 1 1/2 per cent. on the execution of stop loss orders.

In the final dealings a steadier tone prevailed and a rally of 1/4 to 3/4 per cent. ensued. Speculation left off about steady. The Corbridge stocks were heavy on realizations and dropped 2 1/2 to 3 per cent. The latter in the guaranteed, which dropped to 20. Net changes in the active list show losses of 1/4 to 3/4 per cent. outside of Jersey Central, which fell 1 1/2 per cent. New England gained 1 1/2. Lake Shore 1/4 and Whiskey 1/2 per cent.

The bond market was irregular. Sales were \$933,000.

Following are the closing prices reported by Prince & Whitely, bankers and brokers, 46 Broadway, New York, and 15 Center street, New Haven:

Table with columns: Bid, Asked, and various stock symbols like American Tobacco Co., American Cotton Oil Co., etc.

Government Bonds.

Following are the quotations for United States bonds at the call to-day: U.S. 4 1/2 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 4 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 3 1/2 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 3 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 2 1/2 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 2 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 1 1/2 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 1 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 3/4 per cent. 107 1/2, U.S. 1/2 per cent. 107 1/2.

NEW HAVEN LOCAL QUOTATIONS

Table with columns: Par, Bid, Asked, and various local stock symbols like City Bank, New Haven County National, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

Table with columns: Par, Bid, Asked, and various miscellaneous stock symbols like New Haven Gas Light Co., New Haven Water Co., etc.

RAILROAD BONDS.

Table with columns: Due, Bid, Asked, and various railroad bond symbols like N. Y. & A. R. 5 1/2, Holyoke & Westfield, etc.

DOHAM DOES NOT SODIUM Financial.

January Investments.

New Haven Real Estate Mortgages, Bearing 5 and 6 Per Cent. Interest, in amounts from \$200 to \$15,000.

6 Per Cent. Coupon Stock of the Co-operative Savings Society of Connecticut.

FIRST MORTGAGE 5 P.C. GOLD BONDS OF THE WATERBURY TRACTION CO.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT. Dated 1895. Exempt from Taxation.

THESE bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the real estate of the State of Connecticut, as required by law, in trust for all bond-holders, and they are the FIRST and ONLY LIEN upon the entire railway system and the Electric Lighting System of the City of Waterbury, covering all its real estate, track equipment, etc., now owned or THAT MAY HEREAFTER BE ACQUIRED.

Each bond bears the endorsement of the County Clerk of the State of Connecticut, certifying that they have been issued in compliance with the laws of the State, which require the bonded indebtedness to be less than 5 per cent. of the actual cost of the property. THE ROAD IS NOW EARNING NET ABOUT THREE TIMES ITS ENTIRE INTEREST CHARGES.

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THE HYPERION. THE

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Financial.

January Investments.

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